

MARVEL

16

LDY#442

MacKAY
FERRY
MOORE

DOCTOR STRANGE

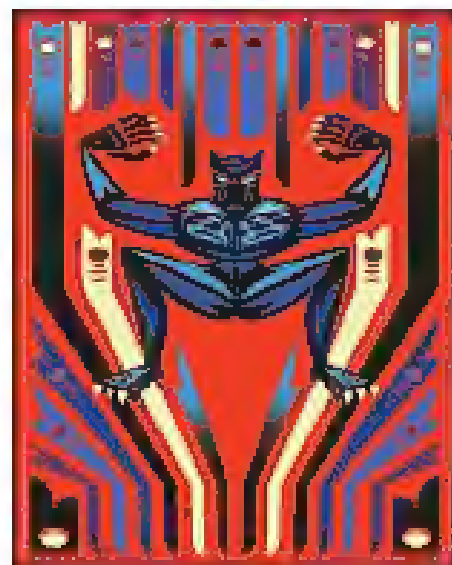
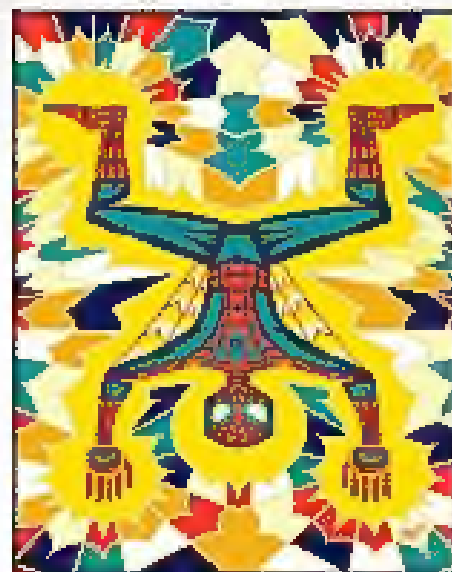
BLOOD HUNT

TIE-IN

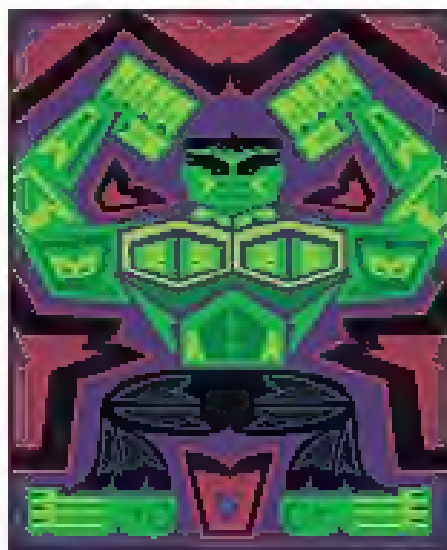
RATED T+



JEFFREY VEREGGE



Jeffrey Veregge, 50, passed away April 12, 2024, after a courageous battle with lupus. A member of the Port Gamble S'Klallam Tribe, Veregge created a style he called "Salish geek," which combined Native American art, graphic design and comic-book heroes. His striking covers on *Fed Wolf* and *Heroes Reborn* stood out from everything else on comic shelves. In 2018, The Smithsonian opened Veregge's exhibition "Of Gods and Heroes," which included his epic mural for the Museum of the Native American in New York. His work on comic covers and in public spaces leaves a fantastic legacy that will long be remembered. Our hearts go out to his family and friends.



DOCTOR STRANGE

THIS ISSUE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN
BLOOD HUNT #3 AND #4.
PREVIOUSLY...

As Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange acts as Earth's mystic defender and consultant to its heroes in all things magic. So when the skies of Earth were darkened by simultaneous eruptions of Darkforce energy, Doctor Strange realized what it was: a vampire invasion.

Unfortunately, what he didn't realize was that the vampire hunter Blade had betrayed him. Blade turned Strange, transforming him into a ravenous vampire. Luckily, Clea was able to separate Stephen's astral form from his body. But with Stephen's spirit separated from his vampirized self, a secret resident of the Sanctum has begun to scheme...

"BLOOD HUNT PT. 2"

**JED
MACKAY**
WRITER

**PASQUAL
FERRY**
ARTIST

**HEATHER
MOORE**
COLOR ARTIST

**VC'S CORY
PETIT**
LETTERER

**ALEX
ROSS**
COVER ARTIST

MARTÍN CÓCCOLO & JESUS ABURTOV; SKOTTIE YOUNG
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

NOAH SHARMA
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DARREN SHAN
EDITOR

CB. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

THE CRYPT OF SHADOWS.
A SPACE HIDDEN BEHIND
THE MIRRORS OF THE
SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
THEN.

VICTOR
STRANGE.



WHAT?

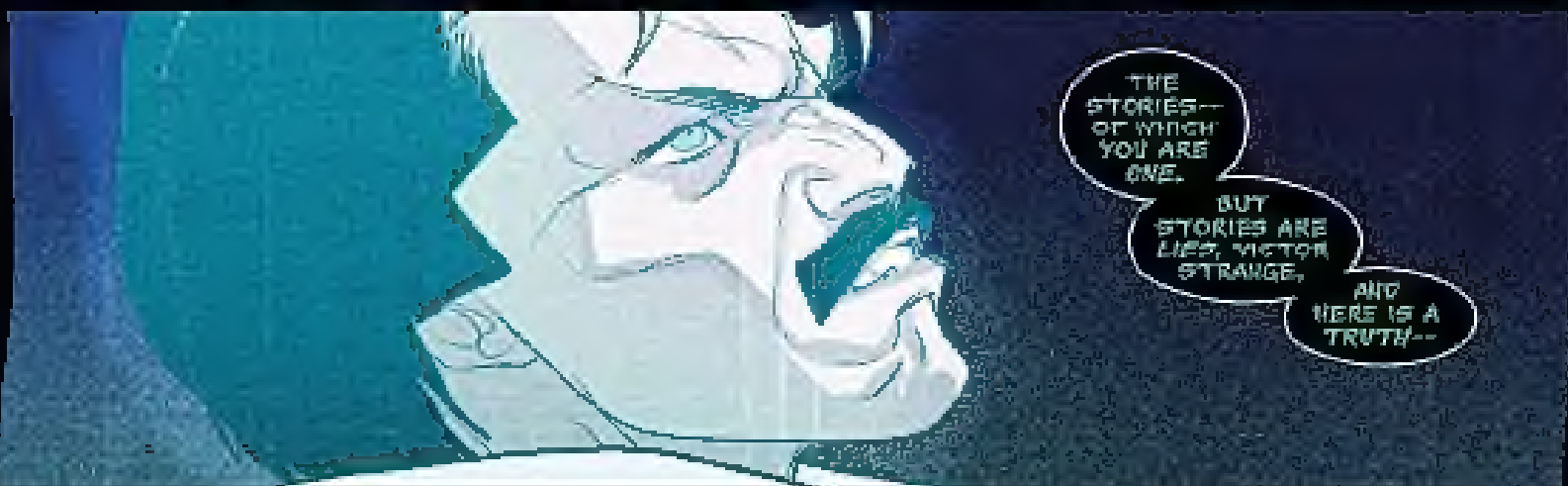
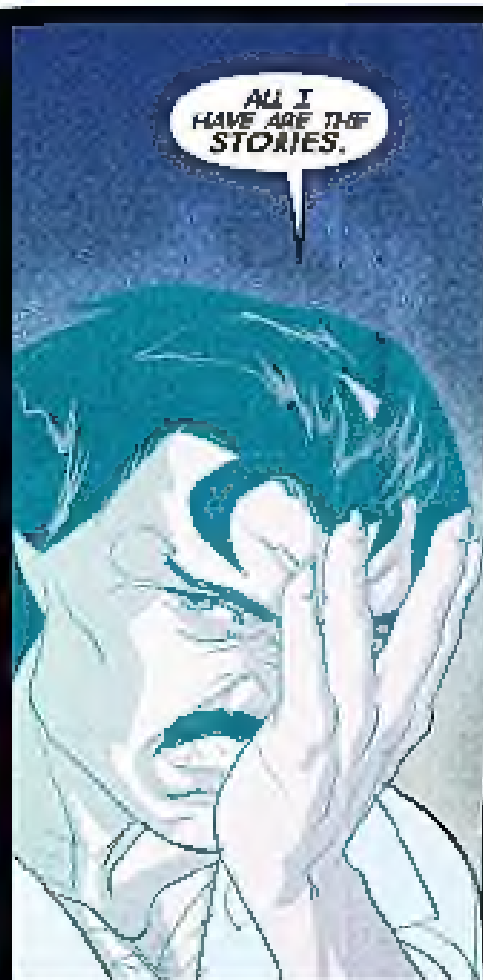
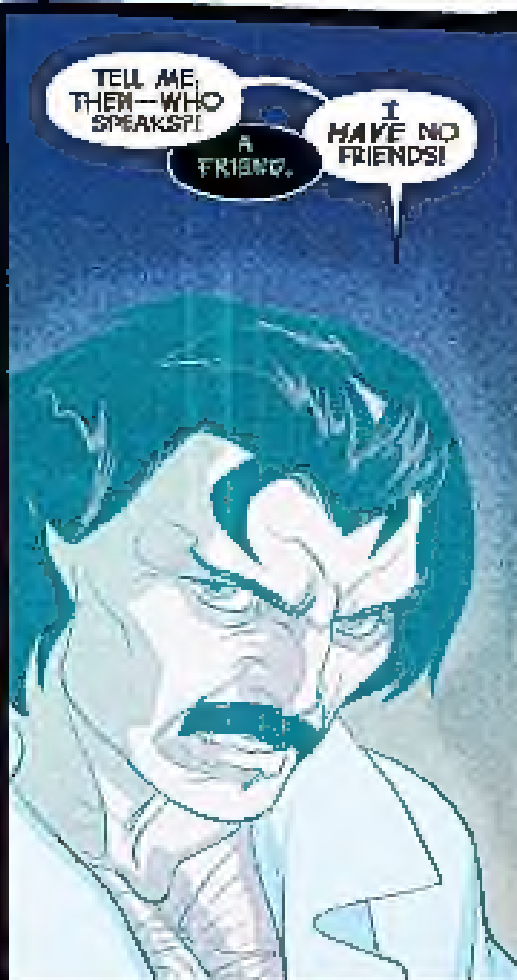
WHO—?

HMM.

A
VISITOR,
HERE IN MY
PRISON?

OR HAVE
I FINALLY
GONE TRULY
MAD?

I KNOW
WHICH IS MORE
LIKELY.



**THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
THE LONG NIGHT, THE BLOOD HUNT,
THE END OF HUMANITY.
NOW.**

MY BROTHER'S ASTRAL SELF AND HIS WIFE
HAVE DEPARTED, SEEKING TO BEG AID FROM
THE VAINGLORIOUS EMPEROR-IN-IRON.

THE PRIEST AND THE
BEAST-WOMAN HAVE LEFT
ON THEIR OWN ERRAND,
SEEKING TO BURGLE THE
SPIRES OF THE GODS.

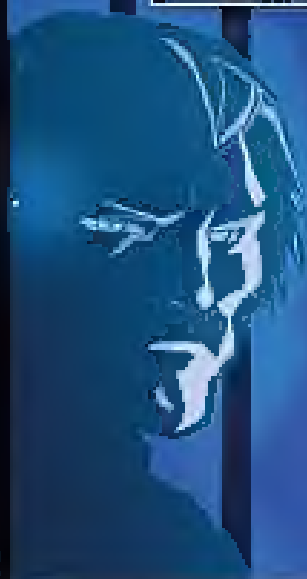
AND THE SHINING HOST
OF HEROES, NOW
TARNISHED, NOW DIMINISHED,
FLY INTO YET ANOTHER
DOOMED BATTLE.

NOW THE ONLY SOUL STIRRING
IN THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM,
HOLiest OF HOLIES,
IS THE FAITHFUL RETAINER.

THOUGH IN TRUTH,
WONG'S STORY HAS ALWAYS
BEEN MORE OF THE
BELOVED BROTHER
THAN THE RETAINER.

WHICH SEALS
HIS FATE.

BECAUSE THERE
IS ONLY ROOM
FOR ONE BROTHER
IN THIS STORY.



I SHOULD
BE OUT THERE.
NOT HERE.

PANDORA AND
DOCTOR ZEE ARE
DOING WHAT THEY
CAN ON BEHALF OF
W.A.N.D.* BUT IT'S
JUST THE TWO
OF THEM.

I SHOULD
BE OUT
THERE.

BUT I
CAN'T.

BECAUSE
I HAVE TO
BE HERE.

BECAUSE
YOU'RE HERE.
AND SOMEONE
HAS TO LOOK AFTER
YOU, EVEN IF THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE
DONE.

*WIZARDRY ALCHEMY
NECKMANCEY
DEPARTMENT. —06

WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO
DO ABOUT THIS,
STEPHEN?

THEN.

YOU ARE
A FASCINATING
CREATURE,
VICTOR.

YOU
ARE VAMPIRE—
BUT ONE CREATED,
NOT TURNED.

YES.

THE
ACCIDENTAL
PRODUCT OF
MY BROTHER'S
GUILT.

I AM
THE SYMBOL
OF DOCTOR
STRANGE'S
FAILURES.

AND STORIES
ALWAYS DO
REQUIRE **SYMBOLS**.
DO THEY NOT?

MADE OR
TURNED. IF YOU
ARE VAMPIRE,
THEN YOU ARE
MY CHILD.

OH?

FIRST, MY
FRIEND, AND NOW
FATHER?

JUST
SO.

AND AS A
LOVING FATHER,
I COME TO YOU
WITH ADVICE...AND
A PROMISE.

AND WHICH
IS WHICH, OH
FATHER?

THEY ARE
ONE AND THE
SAME. SOON, OH—
SO SOON...

"...I WILL CREATE
AN OPPORTUNITY
FOR YOU, MY
BELOVED SON.

NOW.

I WILL
FIND A WAY
TO FIX YOU,
STEPHEN.

"YOU WILL SEE
ME STRIKE AT
YOUR BROTHER.

I SWORE
TO PROTECT
THE SORCERER
SUPREME.

"I WILL BE CLEARING THE
WAY FOR YOU TO CLOTHE
YOUR UNQUIET SPIRIT IN
FLESH ONCE MORE."

AND I
HAVE BEEN
DOING A POOR
JOB OF IT.

BUT I
WILL FIX
THIS.

OH, I
DON'T KNOW
WONG.



I'M FEELING
BETTER THAN
I HAVE IN
AGES.

STEPHEN

NO.

THIS...
THIS DOESN'T
FOOL ME

BUT YOU'RE
NOT TRYING
TO FOOL ME.
ARE YOU?

NO.

THERE
WOULD BE
POTENTIAL FOR A
CERTAIN AMBIDRAMA...
BUT THIS ISN'T THAT
KIND OF STORY.

NO.

THIS IS A
HORROR
STORY.

IN EIGHTY-
MINUTE DRIVE-IN
BLOODBATH.

BRUTAL
AND SHORT
AND UGLY.

THEN.

ARE YOU
WANTING
VICTORY?

OF LEAVING
THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS AFTER
SO LONG?

NO.
I SHOULD
BE. BUT I'M
NOT.

I'VE SPENT
SO LONG HERE
THAT I'M NO LONGER
WHAT I WAS.

I'M
NOT A REAL
PERSON
ANYMORE.
AM I?

I'M A
STORY.

YES.

BUT THE
VAMPIRE ALWAYS
WAS DEAD.

WE WERE
BORN IN WORDS
OF BLOOD FIRST
WRITTEN IN THE DAYS
OF OLD ATLANTIS WHEN
THE SKYDOL WAS
FATHER.

AND A
STORY THAT
HIDES THAT
ANYTHING TO
BE TOLD.



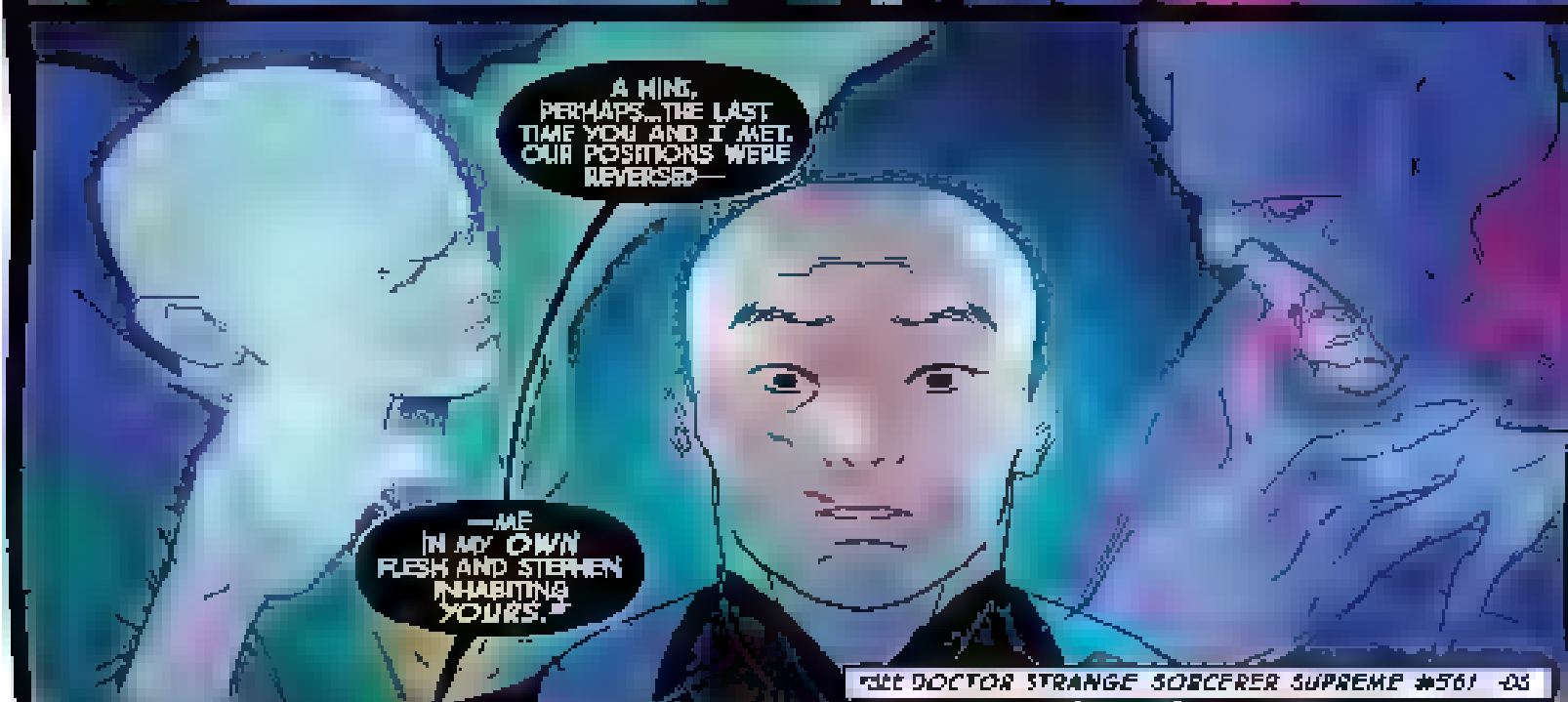
WHO ARE YOU?

SOME ERRANT SPIRIT? A FOOLHARDY DEMON?

THIS IS THE BODY OF THE SORCERER SUPREME, YOU FOOL!



YOU WOUND ME, WONG. TREATING ME AS IF I WERE A STRANGER RATHER THAN A STRANGE.



A HING, PERHAPS... THE LAST TIME YOU AND I MET, OUR POSITIONS WERE REVERSED—

—ME IN MY OWN FLESH AND STEVEN INHABITING YOURS.

THE DOCTOR STRANGE SORCERER SUPREME #561 -03



VICTOR.

VICTOR STRANGE.



AND YET STRANGELY NOT

THE WAY YOU SPEAK—




I HAVE
CHANGED,
WONG.

HE
HAVE
BEEN
CHANGED.

MY ROLE IN
THIS STORY IS NO
LONGER THE TORTURED
LITTLE BROTHER—A
MINOR ROLE IN THE
HERO'S STORY
AT BEST.

NO.

NOW
I AM THE
VILLAIN.



THE SWARMING
TAMPIRE, URBANE,
WELL-SPOKEN, CLAD IN
A BILLowing SHIRT,
CLUTCHING A GUNST
FILLED WITH AN
INDETERMINATE
AED.

STORIES
CHANGE IN THE
TILLING.

AND
SO I
I



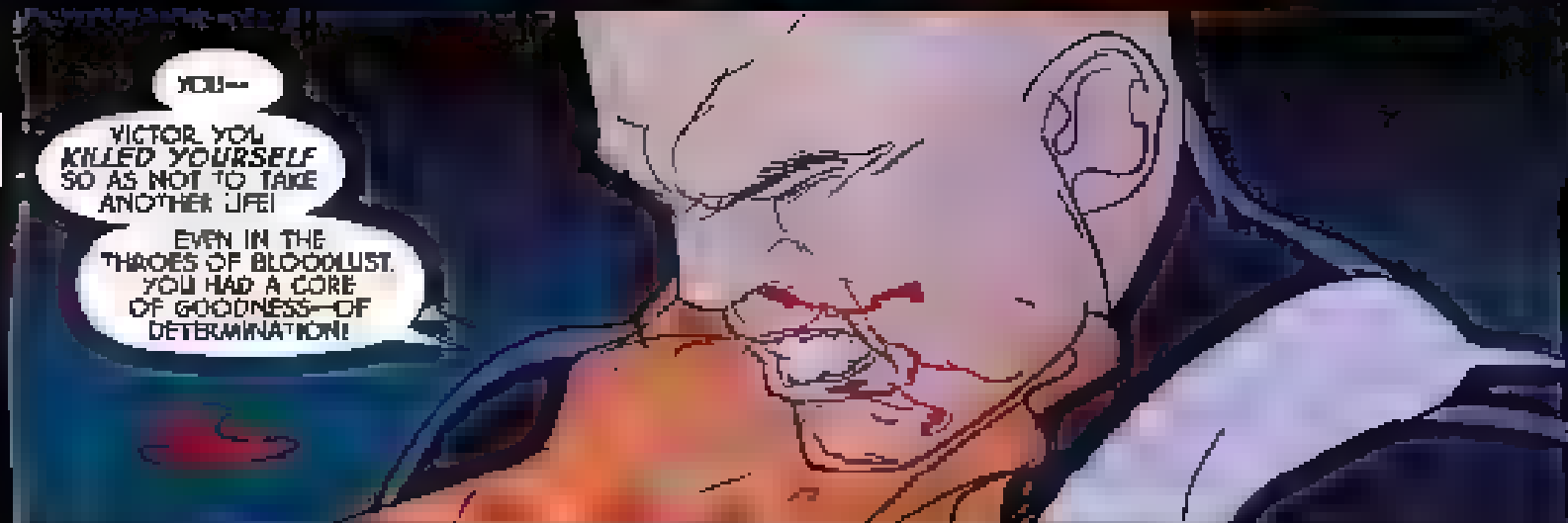
YOU ARE
INSANE—



SANITY,
INSANITY...

THOSE
ARE WORDS
FOR PEOPLE
WONG.

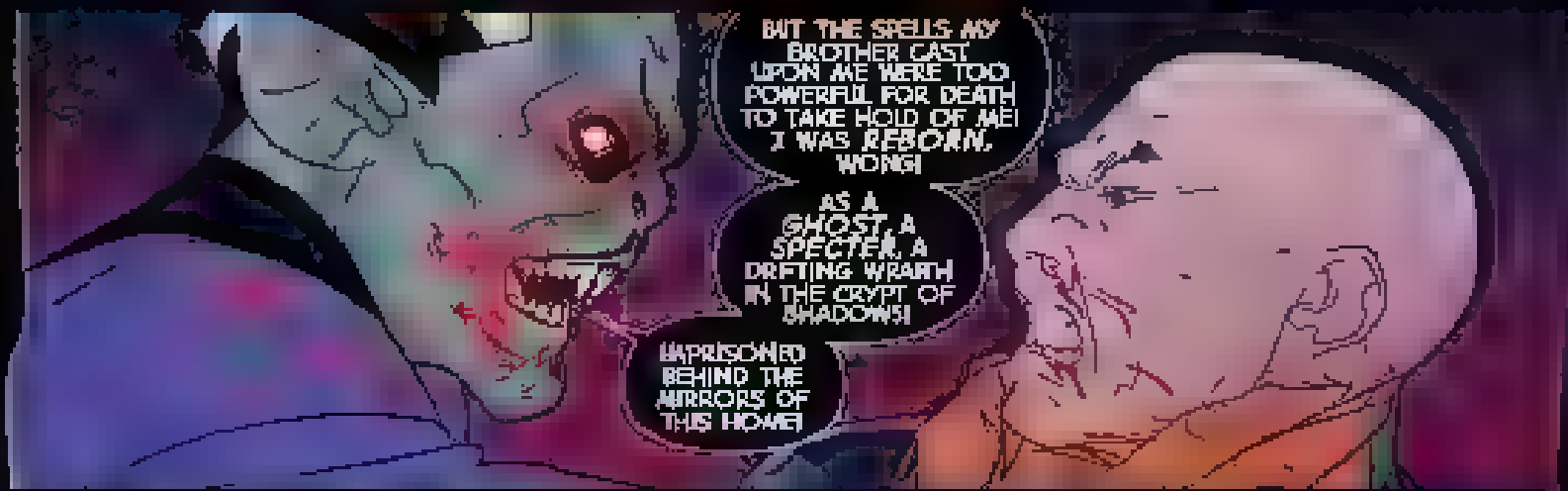
NOT
ONE SUCH
AS I.



YOU--

VICTOR, YOU
KILLED YOURSELF
SO AS NOT TO TAKE
ANOTHER LIFE!

EVEN IN THE
THROES OF BLOODLUST,
YOU HAD A CORE
OF GOODNESS--OF
DETERMINATION!



BUT THE SPELLS MY
BROTHER CAST
UPON ME WERE TOO
POWERFUL FOR DEATH
TO TAKE HOLD OF ME!
I WAS REBORN,
WONG!

AS A
GHOST, A
SPECTER, A
DRIFTING WRATH
IN THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS!

IMPRISONED
BEHIND THE
MIRRORS OF
THIS HOME!



ALONE.

ALONE,
SAVE FOR THE
STORIES.



IT WASN'T ENOUGH!



I AM
VAMPIRE!
I AM HUNGER!
I AM THIRST!

NOTHING
IS ENOUGH!

NOTHING...
YEARRGH!!



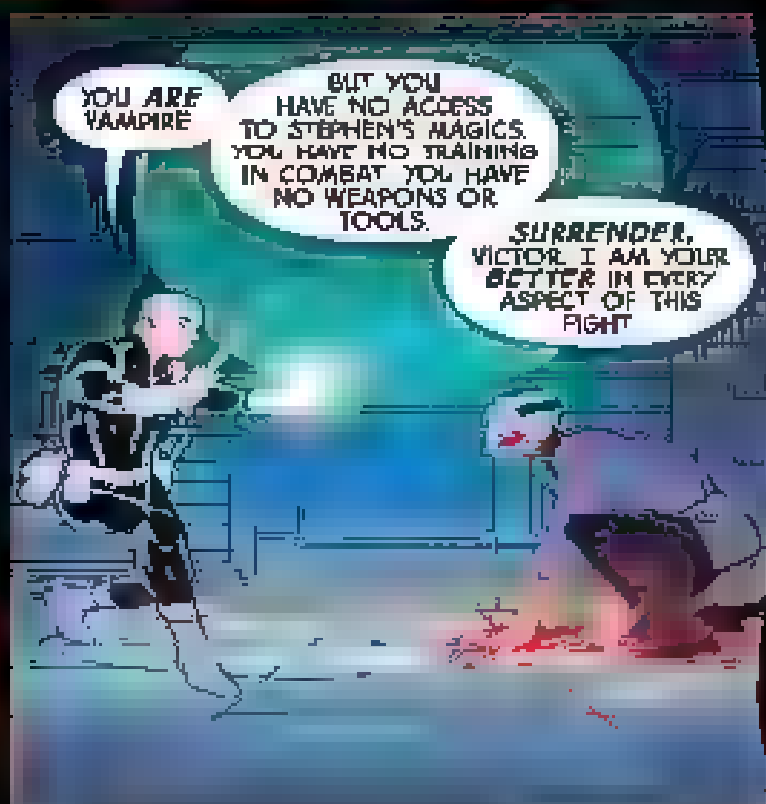
SILVER.

YOU WERE
PREPARED.



I AM AN
AGENT OF W.A.N.D.,
VICTOR.

PREPARATION
IS WHAT I DO.



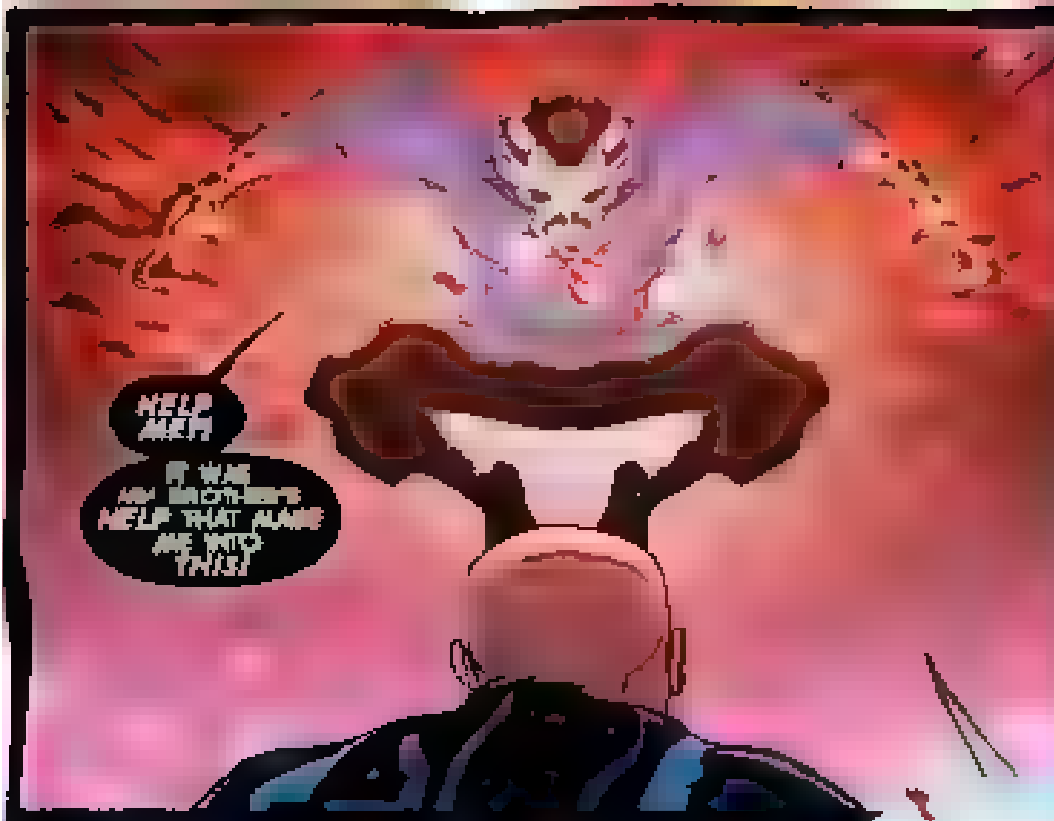
YOU ARE
VAMPIRE

BUT YOU
HAVE NO ACCESS
TO STEPHEN'S MAGICS.
YOU HAVE NO TRAINING
IN COMBAT. YOU HAVE
NO WEAPONS OR
TOOLS.

SURRENDER,
VICTOR. I AM YOUR
BETTER IN EVERY
ASPECT OF THIS
FIGHT

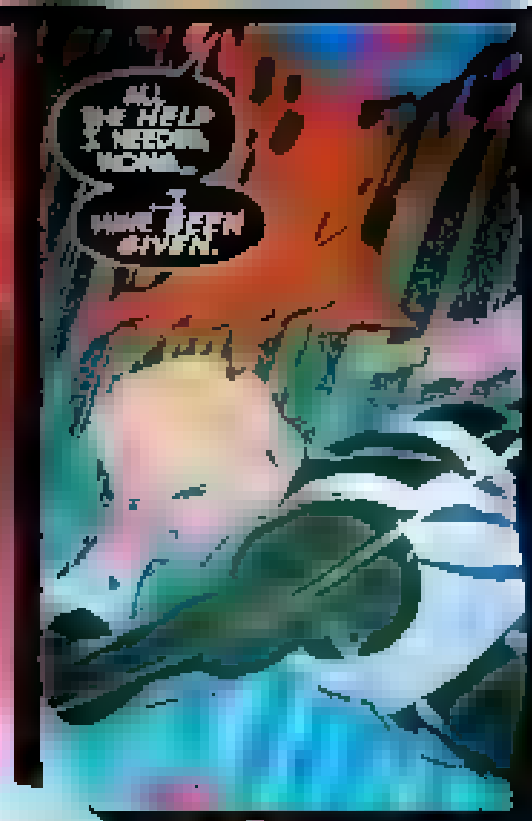


WHEN
STEPHEN RETURNS,
WE CAN HELP
YOU--



HELP
ME!

IT WAS
MY BROTHER'S
HELP THAT ALONE
SAVED ME
THIS!



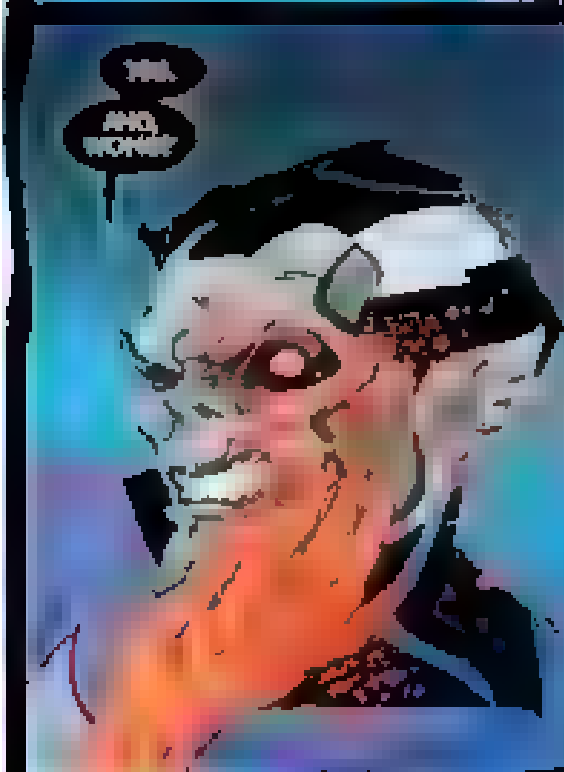
ALL
THE HELP
I NEED
WONA...

WAS
GIVEN.



YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT
BLADE

YOU
COLLUDED
WITH HIM? HE
WOULD DOOM
THE WORLD!



YOU
AND
WONA?



YOU'RE
PULLING YOUR
PUNCHES.



EURGH!

YOU WERE RIGHT, OF COURSE.



YOU ARE MY BETTER IN EVERY ASPECT OF THIS FIGHT.

ALL BUT ONE.

MY NERVE OUTSTRIPS YOURS. MY WILL EXCEEDS YOUR OWN.



I MAY BE THE VILLAIN...

BUT THE BEST VILLAINS POSSESS A CERTAIN SENSE OF FAIR PLAY.



SO STRIKE.



MY HEART,
EXPOSED.



A STAKE
OF GOOD
ASH IN YOUR
HAND.



STRIKE!



I

I...





I THOUGHT
AS MUCH.

YOUR
LOVE FOR MY
BROTHER STAYS
YOUR HAND.

IN SLAYING
ME, YOU WOULD
DOOM HIM.



YOUR
FANGS HAVE
BEEN PULLED,
WONG.

WHILE MINE
REMAIN OH-SO
SHARP.



IT WILL
AMUSE ME TO
HUNT YOU NOW,
WONG.

BUT MY
SENSE OF FAIR
PLAY REQUIRES
ME TO GIVE YOU
A HEAD START.

SO...
RUN.



RUMI



"OKAY.

"IT'S DOWN
TO US."



SO
LET'S SAVE
THE DAY.

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

DOCTOR STRANGE #17



FRIEND TURNED FOE!

As the Blood Hunt tie-in rumbles toward its blood-chilling conclusion, Wong must stalk the monster that his closest friend has become. Even if he can overcome the beast, can Wong bring himself to put down Stephen Strange? Is there anyone the agent of W.A.N.D. can turn to, or has the Sanctum Sanctorum become a killing jar?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"

© 2024 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.